



Illinois English Bulletin

Some of the Best Illinois
High School Poetry of 1959

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FOREWORD

The judges of this collection of student poetry have not, of course, been able to read all of the fine writing by Illinois high school students during the past year. It is their hope, however, that the selection they have made from the material received is a true indication of what is being done in the better high schools throughout the state.

We wish to thank Dr. Eugene Waffle, head of the English Department at Eastern Illinois University, and two members of his staff, Dr. Elmer Brooks, and Dr. Gladys Ekeberg, who had the difficult task of making the selections.

The poetry issue of the *Bulletin* and the prose number to follow in April have proved in past years to be two of the most popular features of our Illinois publication. You are invited now, and we hope that you and your students will accept the challenge, to be represented in the poetry and prose issues next year. Poetry and prose written during this semester or the first semester of next year are eligible. Send your manuscripts to either of the editors of the *Bulletin* and the selections will be forwarded to judges of the 1960 contest.

Your students may find it profitable to study and discuss *Some of the Best Illinois High School Poetry of 1959*. Additional copies (twenty-five cents each, or twenty cents each for ten or more) may be obtained from Harris Wilson, 109 English Building, Urbana, Illinois.

MY SWEDISH FLUTE

I carved of willow
a little flute,
and to get tones for my flute,
out in the forest I went.

I said to the trees,
which whisper their song,
Give you my flute,
your song.
But the trees,
they only sang their song
and didn't answer to me.

I said to the brook,
which trills its song,
Give you my flute,
your song.
But the brook,
as the trees,
just sang its song,
and didn't answer to me.

I said to the birds,
when I heard their chirp,
Give you my flute,
your song.
But the birds,
they didn't listen to me;
they just went on
with their songs.

Now I let my flute
give its own tones,
and let the tones
go out in the world.
And I found
that my flute
has the most lovely tones,
just like the trees,
the brook,
and the birds.

BERIT BERGSTROM, tenth, East H. S., Rockford
Adele Johnson, teacher

APOLOGY

i.

A purple teddy bear sprawls on the bed,
And I at my window watch a grey man
Striding up a cold street, swinging a lunch bucket,
Huffing and puffing clouds of life into the sullen air,
And a barren poplar, each branch swaying in delicate
 counterpoint to the others
 and the wind,
And the stony silver sky.
Behind a noncommittal window
In the sad drab house next to mine,
An old crone lurks and spies on life.

ii.

The purple teddy bear and I
Are figmentary things
Not of this world of reason;
Not of this world of snarling large and logically
 brown bears (hibernating now);
Not of this world of lurking age
And grey men swinging life
Up the cold streets at dawn
In lunch buckets.

iii.

We are the soft and shapeless
Inhabitants of a similarly
Soft and shapeless world of maybe,
Somehow wandered by mistake
Into the rigid universe
 of
Now.

RUS WILDAY, twelfth, Richwoods Comm. H. S., Peoria Heights
Ann Bodine, teacher

DISEASE

A lepidopterus microphelius paracelsus
Didn't feel very well;
He commented to an arachnid arthropu,
"Could it be the Asian flu?"

JOHN FERRELL, twelfth, Moline H. S.
Mary Youngdahl, teacher

SPACE

The dark, deep space,
Endless and forbidding,
Makes man yearn,
Wanting and waiting.

For he knows
Some distant day
He can shout,
He can say,

"I've conquered the world,
The moon, the stars.
I live on Venus,
Pluto, Mars.

"I've no place at all to go.
Now I'll stay home
And conquer all—
Myself alone."

BOB ZERFOWSKI, tenth, Eisenhower H. S., Decatur
Helen Hunsinger, teacher

THE TRICERATOPS

Behold the mighty dinosaur
Far famed in prehistoric lore,
Not only for his weight and strength,
But for his intellectual length.

You will observe by these remains
This saurian had two sets of brains.
One in his head, the usual place,
The other at his spinal base.

No problem bothered him a bit;
He made both head and tail of it.
And if in error he was caught
He had a saving afterthought.

So if a problem slipped his mind,
'Twas rescued by the one behind.
O gaze upon this model beast:
Defunct—ten million years at least.

PHIL ISENSEE, tenth, Glenbrook H. S., Northbrook
Edna Des Voignes, teacher

THE LEADER OF THE BAND

I hear the sound of thundering hoofs
On the narrow trail.
I hear the sound of unshod feet,
Cracking against the shale.
I see the paints and chestnuts,
The roans and dappled gray;
The glistening, sweating bodies,
Buckskin, white and bay;
The frisky, scampering little foals,
The fillies, colts, and mares.

Out on the lonesome prairie,
The wild band has no cares.
But there is one more beautiful,
More noble than the rest,
The lonely, coal-black sentry
Standing on the barren crest.
Blacker than the night, he is,
And wilder than a flame.
No man will ever capture him;
He never will be tame.
There he stands majestically.
The wide world he defies.
His shining coat reflects the sun.
There's fire in his eyes.
His tail flows out behind him
Like a glossy train.
With ears pricked up and nostrils flared
He searches his domain.
There he stands, proud beauty,
Surveying the bright land.
There's none who can surpass him.
He's leader of the band.

ANN BAXTER, eighth, Abraham Lincoln Jr. H. S., Rockford
Gladys Warren, teacher

HOB0 IN THE SKY

A cloud is like a hobo,
Wandering with a pack,
Riding with the wind,
Sunbeams as his track.

LARRY TALBOT, eighth, Central Jr. H. S., Burlington
Joanne Siders, teacher

EMIGRANTS' STORY

We could not take much on our journey west,
Our clothes and food, our cooking pots and pans,
Some ammunition, guns and water kegs,
Tents, tools and seeds, a treasured piece of furniture.
We looked back once on all we left behind,
Then turned our covered wagons toward the unknown land.

How little did we know what lay ahead,
The treacherous rivers we would have to cross,
The towering mountain peaks that we would climb,
The bitter winter cold, the stifling summer heat,
The choking dust, the torturing thirst,
We'd meet them all before the journey's end.

And fear would walk beside us all the way,
The savage Indians' terrifying yell,
As they attacked with scalping knife and gun,
The tragic accidents and dreaded pestilence,
Left many of our relatives and friends
Behind us, sleeping in their lonely graves.

We had our pleasures, though, along the trail;
There was a wedding, now and then, and christenings, too.
And when the way was good, we often danced
And sang around our fires at night.
It was our custom to rest on the Sabbath day,
And this refreshed our bodies and our souls.

How welcome the landmarks on the way!
Fort Kearney and Fort Laramie,
Huge Courthouse Rock and Chimney Rock,
And Independence Rock where we inscribed our names.
We met Jim Bridger at his famous fort, then on
To South Pass where we crossed the Great Divide.

In six months from the time our trip began,
The Promised Land appeared before our weary eyes,
The lovely, fertile valley of the broad Columbia
Stretched out before our wondering gaze.
This was the end of all our journeying,
Here once again would we rebuild our homes.

LEANNE ETTNER, tenth, Elgin H. S.
Enid Burns, teacher

CONVENTION

We are paper dolls,
Cut from a sheet of newspaper
With sharp swift strokes.
Our hands are useless
Because they are joined together.

We are parts
Of some vast mechanism,
Each designed
To fit snugly in his place—
Without a mind,
Without a soul.

We are carbon-copies,
The first one clear,
The last always blurred,
But none so well defined
As the original page.

We are dime store imitations
Of some ancient masterpiece,
Printed on cheap paper,
And made ugly by sameness.

JANET ODETTE, eleventh, Naperville Comm: H. S.
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

"L" STATION PIGEONS

Uniformed in sooty gray, the small army
Struts on thin, pink feet around the penny peanut stand
Hunting for stray nuts fallen from a clumsy hand
And trampled in between the boards.

They never seem to age or die, but live
Through noise and smoke-filled years
Amid the rush hour crowds.

Unruffled by the winter wind, in faint distress
The sentinels of the city unfurl their slate gray sails,
Rise at the warning thunder on the tracks,
And form a feathered arch above
The Evanston Express.

MARY PIERCE, tenth, Evanston Twp. H. S.
Ardene Stephens, teacher

A PORTENT OF HOPE

Through ten dread years of pillage, strife, and death,
We fought as comrades groaned and wept their last.
With shields upraised, with mortal courage strained,
The artful foe so seldom Pride's repast.

Encumbered yet with grief and guilt as well,
With myriad fears entrenched too long to rout,
We view our silenced catapults dismayed,
And long-belabored hope contends with doubt.

Compounding joy with solace in its wake,
At length a rumor spreads among the ranks:
The foe's escape, so sudden, yet complete,
Evokes unhoped-for bliss on native banks.

Emerging from our city, freed from siege,
We soon discern a view inspiring joy,
Mid spoils of war, a sign omnipotent,
A massive horse outside the walls of Troy.

THOMAS MORAWETZ, eleventh, Oak Park—River Forest H. S.
Mildred Linden, teacher

THERE ARE GOOD-BYES

There are good-byes soft and warm as baby skin,
Or winds in June.
There are good-byes hard and cold as hail falling,
Or the steel of a knife.
There are sweet good-byes—light and frothy as cotton candy,
Or long and sweet as cherry drops.
There are bitter good-byes—short and tart as unripe berries,
Or long, lingering, medicinal good-byes.
There are laughing good-byes, weeping good-byes,
Formal good-byes, slang good-byes, unsaid good-byes.
There are good-byes that are meant to be said in special places—
Under blossoms, or in a crowded room, or waved from a window.
There are millions of good-byes—
different for every person, time, place.
With all these good-byes to choose from,
Surely I can pick one to say to you.

BARBARA BARTH, twelfth, St. Mary H. S., Chicago
Sister Mary John Therese, B.V.M., teacher

NORTHERN LIGHTS

The Aurora Borealis
Is a mystery play
Put on by the heavens
With the infinite,
Black, velvet sky
As the stage.
The players
In brightly colored costumes
Rush madly
Up and down the stage,
While the vast
Audience of stars
Looks on
With twinkling approval
In their eyes.

JIM WILSON, twelfth, University H. S., Normal
Ruth Stroud, teacher

THE LOWLY PLOWMAN

Of twenty-nine, Fate has chosen me
To ride with thee—base metal of our land,
Soul of our greatness.
Yours are the sinewy hands that
Will lead the saint and the sinner,
The despot and the damned to our
Martyr's tomb, for they alone are
Guided by love.
Your appearance disguises not your heart
Of charity and goodness, for it is superseded
By a warmth that radiates from within.
Seek you not terrestrial rewards, for
Man is a fickle animal and seldom sees
The glories of heaven for the shallow glitter
Of the earth. Ride on upon your lowly mare,
Remembering Another who also journeyed upon
A lowly steed. Fate conjured well for me, cries
My heart. Liveth no man in soul so large, or
Deeds so daring that I would instead be his
Companion, for I ride at the right hand of His image.

THOMAS SABIN, twelfth, Palatine Twp. H. S.
Wayne Pethick, teacher

THE BALLAD OF PREMIER KHRUSHCHEV

With all of his family he arrived as reported,
 The jolly, jovial Khrushchev.
And security police surrounded them all,
 With careful, cautious Khrushchev.

The President and his staff he met,
 The dignified diplomat Khrushchev.
And security police surrounded them all,
 Especially powerful Premier Khrushchev.

To New York he went in a special train,
 The comical, crowd-pleaser Khrushchev.
And to his dismay, jeers many received he,
 A surprised, but still-smiling Khrushchev.

To Los Angeles he went seeking friendly response,
 The eternally energetic Khrushchev.
But found pointed questions difficult to bear,
 The irascible, quick-tempered Khrushchev.

To Hollywood went he and found little more,
 The graciously grumbling Khrushchev.
He called it all vulgar—and right he may be—
 The observative, sensible Khrushchev.

On to an Iowa farm he continued,
 The “never-say-die” Mr. Khrushchev.
And found it much to his Communist liking,
 The dramatic dictator Khrushchev.

Then into conference with President Ike,
 The pudgy, publicity-seeking Khrushchev.
And listening in was discreetly forbidden,
 The President and Premier Khrushchev.

His visit then o’er, he left in a rush,
 The busy party boss Khrushchev.
And security police were faithfully there,
 Protecting the parting Khrushchev.

And now that he's gone, what have we to show?
No peace for the world in sight.
We'll watch and wait for that which he's planning.
But don't sleep! It may be tonight!

ROLLIE REYNOLDS, twelfth, Gibson City H. S.
Viola D. Allison, teacher

PRAIRIE FIRE

Up the flames reared, spitting forth angry sparks,
Burning grasses and the nests of meadow larks.
The rabbit and fox alike fled before its fury,
And startled quail flew up in whirring flurries.
With slender legs a-quiver, deer dashed out of its path,
As the fire destroyed with e'er-increasing wrath.
Every difference forgotten, the hunter and the hunted raced as one
Before this fiery monster's course was run.
All that remains is black and smoldering ash
Through which the deer no longer dash.
A spotted fawn just can't understand
What's happened to his homeland:
The fields in which he used to play—
There is no trace of them today.
The sparkling stream, so bright and bubbling,
Now runs sullen, black, and brooding.

KAY HENSLEY, tenth, Eisenhower H. S., Decatur
Helen Hunsinger, teacher

CAIN. VARIATION X

Fear not. I will go back,
Sorry for blighting, for bleakness brought;
Though I thought He taught
That brother might bide with brother.
I will go back.

I blend not.

I am a bothersome brother.
This is so, for, like all others
Of us, I am black.
Black is bad. Brainless brawn. Bold
And damned to be broken!

Black.

Here I stand, "the darkness come over the earth."
Fear not, fine ones, you will be rid
Of this bothersome brother.
But, can you be rid of this name . . .
Brother?

JUDY MURPHY, eleventh, St. Scholastica H. S., Chicago
Juliette Noone, teacher

OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

I pointed to the magnificent sunset that evening at the beach;
(Remember how the day star made a golden path on water already
sparkling?)
How the soft lap of the incoming waves filled our world but for
rare ring of laughter from down the beach?
How in the East, the first stars were coming out and in the
West, the pink and purple and flame-red clouds still reigned?
How the delicate wind just lifted my hair and ever so slightly
moved the sand-reeds behind us?
How the pale flame of our fire gained life as the day died?)
Then you noticed the sun was slipping behind what you termed
"filthy, ugly factories."
Cruelly, you turned the feeling of glory into a feeling of shame
and foolishness and there was derision in your voice as
you said, "Lovely, isn't it?"
I felt sorry for you but was too hurt to give answer, so listen to
me now.
There was great beauty in that combination of nature and man.
I did not see a magnificent sunset ruined by a murky, smoky steel
plant . . .
It was insignificant man raising his towers to the sun, and the
sun coming to meet them. . . .
It was eternal Nature serving as a background for a work of
temporal man. . . .
It was Creator and created. . . .
It was glorious!

CAROLYN CIASTKO, twelfth, Thorton Fractional H. S. North,
Calumet City
Mildred Pidgeon, teacher

GONE

The hands of time move slowly by.
The seconds tick away.
Today is gone too soon, I know.
Today's a yesterday.

My life's too full of yesterdays
With time of little use.
Forgive me, God, for wasting them.
This is my last excuse.

JANE JOYCE, eleventh, St. Mary H. S., Chicago
Sister Mary John Therese, B.V.M., teacher

WATERFRONT AT NIGHT

Far beyond the distant horizon
The faint glimmering of silver stars is all
there is to be seen.
They give the appearance of shimmering teardrops
Glistening on the dark cheek of night.
The little moonlight which escapes the
Dense prison of fog reflects on the
Gaily dancing water.

The only sounds are those of the water
Slowly lapping on the littered shore;
The persistent scampering of water rats
Poking precariously from place to place;
And, occasionally, the creaking of a
Long-out-dated dock
Rocking gracefully to the changes of the wind.
These are the only signs of life on this side of
the swiftly moving river.

Beneath the skyline is the Big City
With lights, laughter, and living.
It resembles a jar of small fireflies—
Flicking their lights off and on
And always moving.

But even the City must sleep.
One by one the lights go off.
Except for a few determined souls
The City is asleep.

A blanket of blue-gray mist settles over it.
It is as an art piece waiting to be unveiled by
the morning sun.

LINDA SCHMIDT, tenth, Rock Island H. S.
Beverly Rhines, teacher

SORROW

Sorrow—
the single thing
that makes saint of sinner,
good of ill—God's perfect proving
of man.

PAUL WOLF, eleventh, Naperville Comm. H.S.
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

OLD DOG

Old Dog lay in the summer sun
Much too lazy to rise and run.
He flapped an ear
At a buzzing fly.
He winked a half-opened
Sleepy eye.
He scratched himself
On an itching spot,
As he dozed on the porch
Where the sun was hot.
He whimpered a bit
From force of habit,
While he lazily dreamed
Of chasing a rabbit.
But Old Dog happily lay in the sun
Much too lazy to rise and run.

Jo SCHMALENBERGER, eleventh, Glenbrook H. S., Northbrook
Jane Britton, teacher

POWER

From the cumulous, splintering, vast
Carbon sky
Pour a million, a trillion, tiny
 raindrops—
Falling, beating in steady processional
Upon a thirsty earth—
Countless teardrops
Of an angry heaven.

One drop—
 insignificant, unnoticed
In the relentless pouring waters—
Lodges in a boulder's crevice,
Unmarred rock
Standing since time's birth,
Solitary sentinel of ages.

Stop now the downward flood.
Icy fingers, spread your chill;
Rivers, draw on your brittle sheet—
Freeze a tiny droplet,
See how it splits the mighty stone.

LINN LOCKWOOD, eleventh, Ottawa Twp. H. S.
Keith Clark, teacher

SUNRISE OVER THE CANYON

Sunrise over the canyon,
Over the crags and rocks,
Faster and brighter as the fingers
Of searching light seek out formations
To blast with wonders of red, brown, and orange.

Where once was black deep nothing
Appear out of mist and sheltering boulder
Wild flowers, catching the sun's paintbrush
On dewy petals, and day has come,
And life for rattlesnake and lizard.

BRUCE DUNWELL, eleventh, Freeport H. S.
Mary Luebbing, teacher

THE NEW INDIVIDUAL

I speak of the birth of the new individual, who out of
morass of nineteen forties War and conforming
Suburbia rises.
Man one in himself, and the hell with it all, the money
and strife and sameness and false pretty, and
all of it false with nothing really there.
Man called Beat, no longer Bohemian and ahead of it all,
only no one knows.
Man drinking red wine in Frisco, smoking pot in Denver,
mocking them at CCNY and living it all right now.
Man living anywhere, sleeping anywhere, going where it
swings and then going someplace else where it
swings and then going someplace else where it
swings.
Man mad to live, mad to love, mad to go and be with it, in.
I speak of the birth of the new individual, narcotic,
neurotic, poetic, alcoholic, maladjusted, and
you name it.
The new individual intellectual who can't think, much less
see through opium haze and crude rantings of
Kerouac equally degenerate.
The new individual, real swinging and real living and also
real filthy.
And, God, what have we done to deserve him?

TOM KLUG, twelfth, Glenbrook H. S., Northbrook
Jane Britton, teacher

ON A JAPANESE LANTERN

In the darkness softly glowing,
Shedding sweet and gentle light,
Lovely lantern, dim and flick'ring,
Will thy candles burn each night?

Ay! The sun that lights thy homeland
Rises there, to light the earth,
And its rays are caught within thee,
Give each candle brighter birth.

And the artisans that made thee,
Formed thee, painted thee with care,
Gave to thee Japan's old color,
Tingeing modern, Western air.

Now thy countrymen smelt metals.
Is thine ancient grace forgot?
Lovely lantern, frail, adorned,
Shows that empires past die not.

CHARLES WOLF, twelfth, Senn H. S., Chicago
Grace T. Lindahl, teacher

embryonic elegy

a boy has died before he lived;
they took him out with useless eyes and senses,
they took the boy who never lived
and laid him down in earth behind white fences.

a boy should live a little while
to fish and swim and run and see the world;
to see his face in happy smile
would be to see his bubbling joy unfurled.

a boy has died before he lived;
a sorrow hangs above a sombre people,
a bell tells well, "he never lived,"
with solemn tolling in cathedral steeple.

LOREN BIVENS, twelfth, Carthage Comm. H. S.
Orma Hedcock, teacher

BRIDGES

Bridges.
Strong,
Mighty.

Flung across innumerable tracks
Of a dirty freight yard.
Black from the many coatings of soot
Sent up by the belching engines.

Bridges.
Graceful,
Dainty.

Arching over green valleys
And merry brooks,
Sparkling from a spring rain.

Bridges.

Spanning great rivers that are
Mean from sudden thaws.
Vicious, lashing, dirty water,
Licking iron girders, seething
In angry whirlpools around giant feet.

Bridges.

Crossing over all.

SALLY CLIFFORD, eleventh, Ottawa Twp. H. S.
Keith Clark, teacher

THE SAND

The wind whispers a faint good-bye
to an ancient empire crumbling.
The wind whispers and twists
a tune of quiet destruction.
For on this wind there comes a force
to which succumb all nations—
Not one of guns or bombs or powder,
But the force of the patient sand.

JEROME MOHR, twelfth, Maine Twp. H. S. West, Des Plaines
Anne Lauterbach, teacher

ISKANDER

Agile Alexander in the bloom of his boyhood
With cunning and courage and cautious approach
Bucephalus broke. This bout of great bravery
So pleased his proud father, he promptly proclaimed,
"Seek elsewhere your realm to rule and be ruler,
For Macedon's walls are too weak to withstand thee."
Pressed by Olympias' passion for power,
Her son Alexander imbibed the same spirit
To subdue the whole world and become its sole sovereign.
Through astute Aristotle, astronomer and sage,
Learned he of literature, law, and of science;
Gained he the gift of governing generals
Supporting him staunchly, serving him well.
Received he the wisdom from his famed father
To fight the foe in phalanx-formation,
By Macedonian men a method well mastered
To ravage, perplex, and ruin the plainsmen.
Pillaging from Pella to Persia's plains,
Besieging Tyre and burning its buildings,
Crossing to Kogent, "End of the World,"
The conqueror claimed cities and called them his own.
Spreading the civilization of Golden Greece
Left he a legacy of culture and learning.
From paths of progress o'er prairies and steppes
Carved he the course for Christianity's coming.
The nations named him the great Iskander.
A vast, victorious venture was his!

ALICE LUTHY, twelfth, Peoria H. S.
Emily E. Rice, teacher

SPRING

Spring is a child,
clothed in the warmth of rains,
with a flower crown
in her wind-blown hair,
and a sapling for her scepter.

JUDIE HAMRE, eleventh, West H. S., Rockford
Maud E. Weinschenk, teacher

A WORD IS . . .

What is a word?
To an educated person
It's like a tinker toy to a small child:
From the word itself, the spool,
Extend spokes of thought
On which one can build other little words and ideas.
Soon he has a giant skyscraper of words
Until another little child,
Who by the way does not like the skyscraper,
Tears it down,
Tears, tears, tears it down!
Now the builder has to start all over again;
But this time he takes a broader view
And not one through rose-colored glasses.
The fog is lifting now,
And the idea is coming into view:
A word is is a
Thought!

WILLIAM CLOE, twelfth, Jacksonville H. S.
Emma Mae Leonhard, teacher

TO A DONKEY

Small, patient, grey-hued, cross-marked friend,
No derby wreath for you.
No admiration from the crowds,
Nor ribbons royally blue
For best in show.
But only ceaseless toil, and for reward,
So often, just a blow.
Now step aside to let the war horse pass.
Upon his back, a man he bears with pride.
They mock at you. But let them scorn.
For you, the memory of another ride.
Once, centuries past, through palm leaves freshly shorn,
Across an ancient city's spring-touched sod,
You bore upon *your* humble docile back
The Son of God.

WINNIE JEAN BALES, ninth, Tri-City H. S., Buffalo
Arlette Donath, teacher

GODDESS

I.

High I stood, and haughtily looked down,
The Moon-Child, Perfection, posed upon the tower of Adoration
Staring scornful at the yearning, scrabbling throng.
Bestowing upon them, with cold grandeur's face
Of ebony and rubies, sapphires set in silver skin,
Hate's ungracious presence, as alms upon a pauper crowd.

II.

Unawed, you came, alone among the crowd,
Fiercely proud, defiant, paying no obeisance,
But stared, with deep, hot tiger-eyes and parted lips,
And, unspeaking, taunted. Contemptuous of me as I of them,
You vaulted easily the spiral diamond peak
And took me, there among the clouds and stars.

III.

Hard, cruel as my own, your face, the skin of tawny gold,
Fierce the hands that loosed my hair into a wild-risen wind.
You spoke not, only with wild, mocking laugh
Caught my wrists and flung me through the sky.
Dragging me across the sun's white fire you seared my silver face,
Then cast me down once more upon my lofty peak.

IV.

Alone I lay, abandoned by the moon and stars,
My singed hair tossed, and wet with blue-white blood.
The voices rose anew from the assembled crowd,
But jeering shame, barbed with awe turned poison hate.
Alone I rose, and wept into the wind a heart new-found
Too late. I stood upon my tower, frozen in tears of crystal ice.

JUDITH ANTMAN, twelfth, Evanston Twp. H. S.
Charlotte Whittaker, teacher

SOUL

(A poem expressing the feeling of a Medieval man)

Fear not, feeble flame.
Your sustenance is doubt
Cased in a translucent dream.
They cannot snuff you out.

LONNIE CRAWFORD, twelfth, Evanston Twp. H. S.
Karen Kuehner, teacher

HISTORY

History

is people.

A plump provincial, nimbly weaving lace as she hums an
old Norman tune

Two young bushmen, admiring their red-rubbed scars

A statesman, pompously clearing his throat

A little boy, gazing reverently at a milky fossil.

History

is places.

Stonehenge, awaiting Midsummer's Eve

the Old North Church and echoes of hoofbeats

The turrets of the frozen Kremlin

the Globe Theater's dusty stage in London Town

The ocean, speeding three stocky ships and Queen Isabella's
blessing

Blood-smeared, the plains of Troy

of Hastings

of Uganda and the Bastille

of Breed's Hill and the Argonne Forest

and the streets of Budapest

History

is sounds.

The chant of a cantor, minor-keyed and ancient

the crackle of flames and the anguished cry of a

peasant girl in the market place at Rouen

The hush of the white-shirted crowd as Babe Ruth lifts
his bat

the whine of a starving child in Pakistan

The scream of a jet as it slices the cloudless sky.

History

is things.

A parchment from the stylus of a bearded Franciscan brother
yesterday's tattered newspaper

A wooden raft on Mark Twain's Mississippi
the light in a researcher's eyes

The Holy Grail, beacon to Crusaders.

the minds of men

Buddha . . . Francis Bacon . . . Machiavelli . . . Lincoln

the hearts of women

Mary Magdalene . . . Cleopatra . . . Elizabeth I . . .

Marie Curie

"Today history was made," booms the radio announcer
Every day.

People place thingssoundsmindshearts

They call it History.

SUE PARMACEK, tenth, Elgin H. S.
Enid M. Burns, teacher

CITY DAWN

The buildings of the parish
Surround a courtyard square.
Into it

The church, the school, the convent
With ever-present dignity
Pour their pious, religious air.

In the center of this open space
Stands an enormous beech.
Its top
Spreads like the cap of a mushroom,
As it opens wide its arms
As if to beseech.

The beauty of the tree is falling,
Only to be shuffled away
By the
Solitary holy souls,
Who every morning
Faith-stricken, come to pray.

But these petic people are reminded
By the suffering leaves
Of why
They have come to church at all,
And in this singular way
The leaves almost please.

The fading purple represents
Sorrows each holds in his heart.
And the leaf
That has not yet changed from green
Is the hope and desire
For today, a new start.

PATTY TIGHE, eleventh, St. Scholastica H. S., Chicago
Juliette Noone, teacher

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS

"Father, I had such a strange dream just now.
I was in the hills outside Jerusalem
Not the way I am now, but strong and well.

I dreamed I was walking again. Nay, running to Someone
To a Man Who waited for me beyond the next hill.

"Strangely, I saw with two sights—my own,
And with His eyes. I watched myself
As I ran, and searched, and called His name.

"The hills echoed His name, and the wind sang His name.
I was so near. I would have found Him. But I awoke.

"Father, why are the people mourning?
Has someone died?"

BARBARA BARTH, twelfth, St. Mary H. S., Chicago
Sister Mary John Therese, B.V.M., teacher

LOSS

"What are you doing?" the teacher asked.
"I'm thinking," the boy replied.
"Well, stop wasting time. You've homework to do."
So the boy left his thoughts and complied.

"What are you doing, you lazy thing?"
The mother asked her son.
"I'm dreaming," he said, with a far away look.
"There's no time; there are chores to be done."

"What are you doing?" the guide inquired.
Said the tourist, "Imagining the past."
"Well, the present won't wait, so hurry along.
The tour must keep moving fast."

So thoughts went unfinished, the dream disappeared,
And the patriot's reverie was lost.
The things of the world were accomplished in time,
But no one will ever know the cost.

NANCY THINNES, twelfth, Maine Twp. H. S. West, Des Plaines
Ann Lauterbach, teacher

DANCE

A net of music holds the dancers; and
The darkened current of the hour, the night,
Ripples with sound. Their motion stirs like sand
Restless in wind, as insolent as light.

Before the justice of the day
Fly, dancers, on a golden way.

They laugh against the distance of a song
Their bodies light with love, as frail as joy,
And guard a dream which makes them seem more strong
Than shadowed phantoms, whose dim forms destroy.

The flight of time. O turn and run,
Spin, dancers, on a path of sun.

FREEDOM FIRE

She turned away ; the window's picture seemed
So dark, so stormy, filled with awful fears.
Her heart beat fast with terror ; blackness spread
Throughout her mind. The fire leaped bleakly, white
Upon the hearth. The swaying shadows danced
In ruthless rhythm, high upon the walls,
Their shapes dark demons, gloating over woes
Which forced their darkness deep into her mind
And showed her heart the stony cold of war.

The girl's pained eyes turned once more toward the storm,
And as she looked, a welcome figure broke
The ray of light that fell so coldly from
Her door. She jumped up quickly. Suddenly
The fire glowed brighter and its shadows now
Were softer, friendly. As the two embraced —
The ragged man, his uniform all torn,
Who clutched the girl, still trembling, to his heart —
These shadows bent and nodded, whispering
In approbation, hiding fear and woe.

But slowly now, the man withdrew his arms.
He sank onto a chair, his head was bowed.
The fire cracked, louder, fiercely, as he gave
Away to images he could not lose.
His voice was low and broken : "Laura, I
Cannot go on. I can't take any more.

If you could see the things my eyes must watch,
The men whom musketball and bayonets
Have torn, who scream their curses as they die —
The stench of death and rot — it's on me now !"
He raised his head — "My touch pollutes you so —
Oh Laura, I can't stand it anymore !"
His desperation spread itself to her ;
She wanted to escape, to go with him
To the wide land where one could yet taste peace
Upon the air. And yet she knew they must
Remain and fight with those who would be free
Or die. "Oh, Will," she said, "a little more
A little longer we must wait and fight."

The fire cracked louder now as he replied,
Despairing, tired, now speaking to himself —
“A little more, always a little more.
Tomorrow Ethan leads us all down there;
A raid — we'll kill them all while they're asleep.
You hear me, Laura, we will kill them. Kill!
Those men, like me, who love as I love you —
And we must kill them all or die ourselves!
Oh Lord, what is it that's so wrong with man
That he must kill to live?” His voice grew weak;
His shoulders heaved; now Laura's gentle hand
Came softly soothing; crossed his wearied back.
“Dear Will,” she said, her voice though quiet, sure,
“Oh, Will, I know it's hard and ugly, yet
We must not quit, we must not leave our home,
Our friends, to feel the heavy boot of him
Who comes in conquest over them and their
Endeavor. We must stay and fight with them
For we are free. There's no one rules us now
But the Almighty God. Will, don't you see —
(The fire blazed brightly now, its flames shot high)
Our country, now a new-born spark that yet
Must struggle, free itself from servile bonds;
But soon now it will soar across the skies,
A star before oppressed folk of the world —
A shining light which gleams eternally
For men to sight upon and set their course
Toward Freedom and toward peace forever.
Oh, Will, we are the flint, the steel, that must
Set off that spark for all men, and for time.
We must not let a sight or sound or dream
Set damper to our spirit, for that damp
Might smother that small spark, might quench that light
For all eternity. We must not keep
A speck of fortune, dignity, or life
Apart for us. We must give all we have.”

“I cannot kill a man.” “Don't think of that!
Our children now will prosper in a land
Which they can rule themselves. Their children, too,
Will hold the reins, will guide the Starlet's flight —
That Starlet which will shine in young men's eyes

And warm the hearts of those whose age has come
Within its bounds— that Spark which we now light —
Light with our lives.” She stopped and looked at him.
The fire, now silent, stretched up tall, serene;
It glowed with life; the shadows disappeared.
And as the two sat close, their eyes held fast
To one another, hands clasped, heads held high,
That fire of freedom burned within their hearts.

SALLY JOHNSON, twelfth, Lyons Twp. H. S., La Grange
Norma Jordan, teacher

WIND

(A Triolet)

The wind rules the earth with an iron hand,
It screams and whines to get its way,
It strips the soil from the fertile land,
The wind rules the earth with an iron hand.
It forms lofty mountains from level sand,
It churns the still waters in the bay,
The wind rules the earth with an iron hand,
It screams and whines to get its way.

JOYCE NOCH, ninth, Maine twp. H. S., Park Ridge
Pauline Yates, teacher

WAVES

The waves, wild with freedom,
pound their thundering
horses' hoofs against
the shore.
Their trainer, the wind,
rides them safely back
to the open corral
of the sea.

CAROLYN OAKES, twelfth, Niles Twp. H. S., Skokie
Gladys Myers, teacher

WINTER IS IN THE AIR

Migrating mallards
 Swoop in perfect Vees.
 Arrows shot
 From winter's bow,
 Pointing to
 New summers
 In drowsy Southlands.

JAMES ASHBROOK, senior, University H. S., Normal
 Ruth Stroud, teacher

HONORABLE MENTION

The following poems would have been printed if space had permitted:

Benton: "Being a Teenager," by Levitta Graham (Alberta Hid-
 ritch)

Bloomington: "Homework," by Kurt Gummerman (Dorothy
 Morin)

Chicago: "Winter Refugee," by Vera Gini (Sister Mary John
 Therese, B.V.M.)

Cicero: "Go Down, Pluto," by Roberta Voelk (Marjorie Diez)

Decatur: "Night Chase," by Kay Hensley (Helen Hunsinger)

DeKalb: "Old Man," by Jennifer Lloyd (Mary Nash)

Elmhurst: "Beneath Wind-Beaten Stars," "Comparison," by
 Elizabeth Krohne (William Stringfellow)

Evanston: "Voyager of Kindness," by Ingrid Hanson (Mary Jane
 Richeimer); "Tragica," by John Klein (Barbara Pannwitt);

"The First Coming," by Malcolm McCollum (Barbara Pann-

witt); "The Hearth," by Bruce McIntyre (Dave Perry);

"Variation on a Theme by Keats: Willoware Pattern," by

Mary Ann Radner (Barbara Pannwitt); "To Father," by

John Scott (Mary Jane Richeimer)

Farmer City: "Are You Sure, Mr. Sandburg?" by Joan Hoffman
 (Wilma Finney)

Freeport: "Ha," by Janet Lameyer (Sr. M. Alphonsus Liguori,
 O.P.)

Glen Ellyn: "Feelings in the Sun and Feelings out of the Sun,"
 by Paul Overly (Faye Homrighous); "The Day of the

Town," by Robert Stevens (Faye Homrighous)

Kewanee: "Two Shadows," Tom Lindley (Jeanne Trovillion)

- La Grange: "Spring," by Lee Forrest (Kay Keefe); "Apathy," by Herb Nolan (Murrill Sanders); "Art," by Michael Oiseth (Kay Keefe); "Two Life Sketches," by Nancy Royce (Norma Jordan)
- Mendota: "Song of Life," by Jan Huss
- Moline: "Household Symphony," by Pam Hogren (DeWayne Roush); "Goblin's Woods," by Adena Peterson (DeWayne Roush)
- Naperville: "Patterned Improvisation," by Jay Hill (Dorothy Scroggie); "Peace," by John Schaefer (Dorothy Scroggie)
- Normal: "The Candle," by Susan Jolliff (Ruth Stroud); "October," by Ellen Remsburg (Verna Hoyman)
- Northbrook: "Clock," by Bobbie Broderick (Jane Britton); "A Question of Values," by Heidi Eastman (Wayne Siek); "Internal Agitation," by Richard Hoffman (Charles B. Ruggless); "If . . .," by Victoria Randall (Edna Des Voignes); "Life," by Sue Singer (Eleanor Dedrick)
- Oak Park-River Forest: "Sonnet in the Elizabethan Mood," by Donald Attwood (Clara King)
- Olney: "Joy," by Mary Conour (Margaret Griffin)
- Ottawa: "Pattern in Steel," by Ann Rumpf (Keith Clark)
- Palatine: "Sonnet to a Thought," by Judith O'Leary (Wayne M. Pethick)
- Park Ridge: "The R-111 Tales," by Douglas Hales (Marlan Davis)
- Peoria Heights: "Waiting," by Dianne McAllister (Ferne Lawlis); "Acknowledgement," by Rus Wilday (Ann Bodine)
- Petersburg: "The Hunters," by Nancy Lou Grosboll (Ruth W. Peterson)
- Rockford: "Vignette," by Janice Borofka (Maud E. Weinschenk)
- Skokie: "Le Matin," by Richard Wilson (Gladys Myers)
- Streator: "Dreams," by Judy Matuszyk (Lucille M. Tkach)
- Sullivan: "Adventures of a little Black Boy," by Pat Taylor (Maytle Marie Harris)
- Urbana: "My Love," by Jonathan Hopkins (Rose L. Hewitt); "Grandma's Silver," by Sharon Shore (Rose L. Hewitt)

